

REAL ESTATE AGENCIES

THE SHO-HONE FALLS.

A Herald Correspondent Views Niagara's Rival.

SPELLBOUND WITH DELIGHT.

A Magnificent Piece of Nature's Handiwork—Picturesque and Sublime—Face to Face With Nature

Arriving at Shoshone station at 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning (July 10th) Mr. Rose, Mr. Allen, and myself took a "stage," as they call it there, towards the Great Shoshone Falls. The distance is stated at twenty-five miles, but seems greater than that. The road runs through a desert of lava rock and sand, over which sage brush is the principal growth. We saw only three animals—scooby, at which the teamster fired without effect; a badger, and a jack-rabbit. This wide plain has an appearance of severe desolation. Lava rock is everywhere seen projecting in small hills.

We wearied of our long ride, though the heat was not great in the morning and anticipated disappointment, for we had taken a careful look at the American Falls as we passed them that morning, and had made up our minds that the apparently small amount of water supplying those rapids could not in any situation rival Niagara. After that we spoke in derision of the Snake River dubbing it a miserable brook.

OUR HOPES LOWERED YET MORE

when we finally reached the river, and obtained from the long dugway a first hint of the falls. The cliffs, to be sure, had a sort of sublime majesty, and the roar of the falls with the rising clouds of steam, suggested the presence of a great fire, but the rapid looked ordinary, while we were tired and impatient. The river at the ferry looked dull and shallow, though the hotel-keeper afterwards informed us that the depth is far greater than 200 feet at this place.

After crossing, the heavy roar of the falls increased as we neared them, till suddenly half the great fall broke upon our view. A shout of astonishment and delight, burst from our lips, and springing from the wagon we ran down to a looking point which afforded a full view of the combined waterfalls. Here the numerous smaller cataracts and rapids from above have united themselves into one vast, wondrous plunge, and the seething, roaring mass rolls over the precipice in never-ending clouds of liquid splendor varying in color from the whiteness of snow to the pale yellowish color of inferior pearl. Long strands of glistening beads, and in the rainbow, diamonds and rubies seem to shine, all changing into soft, downy snow as they near the bottom, and rising anew in a white cloud of the most surpassing elegance, which quite conceals the last wild plunges of the water. This cloud becomes

A BEAUTIFUL VEIL OF INTANGIBLE GRACE, its goosamer forms decking the surrounding cliffs, and softening with its delicate folds the stern severity of their bold outlines. Nor is this cloud pleasant to the eye alone, for, wafted by the winds, it imparts a dewy freshness to the air and cools with its leathery touch the spell-bound visitor.

We gazed upon the falling water till we seemed to lose our own identity in the presence of so magnificent a piece of nature's handiwork. It seemed as though we would like to be resolved into some of the liquid elements, and roll in splendor with our fellow-particles in the graceful sweep of the great cataract. We seemed to have a kind of desire to leap into the banks of descending foam and to glide with them in what appeared so easy a descent. And as the roar of the falling sea drowned our voices, it produced, in effect, a silence so profound—an oblivion as complete as to all other things—that now at last we seemed to commune with nature face to face. Our own insignificance, never before so apparent, taught us humility; and in the awful solitude one emotion rose above all others, and thrilled our minds with an indescribable, hopeful longing: Man was distant, but God was near.

Recovering from our first surprise, we descended the great bank by a steep trail, part of which is formed by ladders, and viewed the falls from below. Perpendicular cliffs of lava rock rise 1,000 feet from the water. The height of the fall is 210 feet and its width over 1,000 feet. Niagara is wider, but not so high (163 feet). Great rocks fall from the water just above the falls breaking it into numerous rapids and one pretty fall of smaller size. The view of all these from the bank

IN PICTURESQUE AND SUBLIME.

On the banks are vigorous cedars, and at the bottom of the chasm the cedars form groves, and rise to a height of about 100 feet. Here are some of the best places for enjoying a picnic that the writer has yet seen. One of them, called Vaulted Dome, is a grotto hollowed out of the rock, about fifteen feet square and 175 feet high. Cold spring water trickles from the vaulted roof and drops into a shallow basin in the centre, whence it runs to the river. Red columbines and fresh mosses cling to the walls.

In Engine Cave the reverberation of the water's roar is thrown from side to side in a remarkable manner, exactly reproducing the quick puffs of a locomotive.

We clambered along the water's edge in the river-bed till we were almost under the falls, and here we reclined in the cooling spray, watching and envying the birds that flitted among the foam and vapor until the temptation to plunge into the foaming whirlpools became irresistible, and throwing off our clothes we waded and swam with the glee of boyhood days into a bath that would do honor to the gods. A glorious but dangerous plunge! The bottom is treacherously irregular, and the keen edges of lava rocks lie hidden. Swept by a wave against one of these (for the waves roll strong) the writer received a gash in the foot, which was fortunately not serious. Beneath the falls, the river is like a lake, at least two blocks wide. Two of us then walked up the stream to

TWIN FALLS,

three miles distant by the road. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The mercury

registered 97 degrees in the shade at the hotel. To avoid the circuitous route we cut across and crossed the lava slide. Being in good condition we thought we could endure the two hours' of hard work. The glare of the sun was almost beyond endurance.

The black lava rocks seemed to our fancy to smoke with the heat, and some were hot enough to blister our hands as we scaled their terraces. The hotel keeper says the thermometer rises to 120 in the shade of the lava cliffs, and we judge that the heat was 20 degrees greater in the sun. The air, when still, was suffocating. When a gust arose it was hot and scorching like the breath from a furnace. The very perspiration dried on our faces, and the reflection of the sun caused the eyes to ache. We reached the cliff overlooking the falls, but felt too tired to descend. These falls are also very beautiful. Each is seventy feet wide and 180 feet high. A large rock as wide as either fall is in the centre between them. People should not walk up to these falls in the day time, for even the striking beauty of the sight scarcely repays the severe labor.

We delighted to linger about the falls and to view the water from every point of view. But night was coming and reluctantly we drove back. The lava projection rose now in ghastly spectral solemnity. Again and again we beheld as we thought, a village, an animal, or human beings but which proved to be only the projecting rocks, familiar enough now, but still stern, pitiless and forbidding.

Reaching the station at midnight, we slept a few hours till the excursion train came rushing in, and we were received into the most genial throng of friends we have ever traveled with. We keenly anticipate new experiences, yet we can hardly think we shall ever again behold so grand a sight as the Great Shoshone Falls. J. H. P.

ESSAY ON NEWSPAPERS.

Some Truths from His Satanic Majesty, the Devil.

The souvenir dancing orders of the Albany, N. Y., Pressmen's Union contains the following contribution from "a printer's devil," which is too funny for publication in so-called comic papers; at least, they seldom have such genuine humor. It is entitled "A Prize Essay on Newspapers."

Newspapers are called vehicles of information.

Reporters are what is called "the staff"—so many of them being "sticks."

They work hard—at refreshment bars. Proofreaders are men what spoils the reputation of compositors. They spell a word one way to-day and another way to-morrow. They think they are intelligent persons; compositors think different.

Compositors are men as sets up type—and sometimes the drinks. Compositors are very steady men when they are sober—which they seldom are when they can help it.

Editors are men what knows everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath. They are writers who doesn't write anything whatsoever. They are the biggest men you ever see.

Managers are men as takes in the "tin" and gives patent medicine ads tops of columns next to reading matter thirty-seven columns out of thirty-two.

Proprietors ain't anybody. They ain't ever seen.

Printers' devils are the most important persons in a printing office. They do the hardest work and gets the least pay.

Pressmen is well, there wouldn't be no newspapers, no circus bills, without pressmen to print 'em.

Feeders are men what feeds on the fat of the land. If I ever start a paper of my own I'll call it the umbrella. Everybody will take it.

I heard the foreman tell this funny story to one of the "staff" the other day. It must have been funny, 'cause they both laughed. This is the story: "A gentleman was promenadeing the street with a little boy at his side, when the little fellow cried out: 'Oh, pa, there goes an editor!' 'Hush, hush,' said the father, 'don't make sport of the poor man. God only knows what you may come to yet.'"

Like the Light Weights

of the professional pugilists, the kidneys are small but active in a state of health. Their secretion contains impurities productive of rheumatism, gout and dropsy if allowed to remain. When they are inactive the blood becomes choked with animal debris capable of destroying life. To promote their activity when sluggish with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is not only to guard against the diseases mentioned, but to prevent the fatty degeneration and ultimate destruction of the organs by those exceedingly dangerous maladies—Bright's disease and diabetes. Activity of the kidneys also insures it against the formation of gravel, which it sometimes requires one of the most dangerous and painful operations in surgery to remove. Gravel, moreover, is a most agonizing complaint. The Bitters further commend themselves by remedying constipation, dyspepsia, debility, liver complaint and nervousness, and nullify influences productive of malarial disease.

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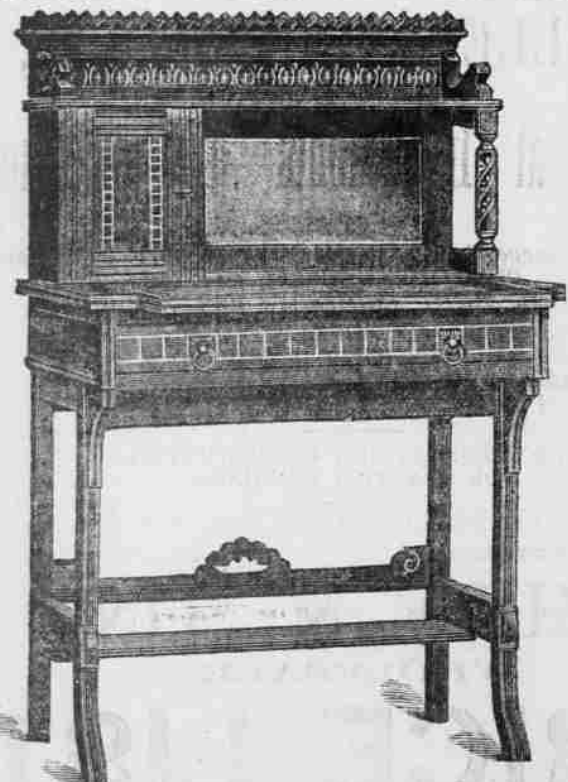
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